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THE GODS OF MARS by Edgar Rice Burroughs. Chicago: A. C. McClurg Co., \$1.35.

A sequel to "A Princess of Mars" wherein the hero again journeys to the planet forty-three million miles above the earth, fights the white apes, defies the gods and rescues his wife and son.

FIRECRACKER JANE by Alice Calhoun Haines. New York: Henry Holt & Co., \$1.50.

An army romance of the southern border, with a beautiful lady, Mexican bandits and courageous American soldiers for characters.

JUNGLE PEACE by William Beebe. New York: Henry Holt & Co., \$1.75.

A book of science and travel through the jungles and towns of Guiana which will appeal to the scientist for its sound observation in new fields and to the layman for its general interest. Illustrated from photographs.

THE CHRONICLE OF KAN-UK THE KUTE by Frank Burne Black. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, \$1.

The world war described in a combination of American slang and bible verse.

CONTEMPORARY COMPOSERS by Daniel Gregory Mason. New York: Macmillan Co., \$2.

Essays on Richard Strauss, Sir Edward Elgar, Claude Debussy and Vincent d'Indy, and on music in America and democracy in music. Illustrated.

CAN GRANDE'S CASTLE by Amy Lowell. New York: Macmillan & Co., \$1.50.

England, Byzantium, Japan, seen with a poet's vision, as backgrounds for the drama of human life and passion.

THE VALLEY OF THE GIANTS by Peter R. Kyne. New York: Doubleday-Page Co., \$1.40.
A novel of the California redwood forests.

THE LITTLE DEMOCRACY by Ida Clyde Clarke. New York: D. Appleton & Co., \$1.50.

The development of the community idea in its various aspects—forum, neighborhood club, home and school league, garden, market and kitchen—according to the plans and practices of the foremost authorities.

THE CRACK IN THE BELL by Peter Clark Macfarlane. New York: Doubleday-Page Co., \$1.40.

A story of love and politics in a great American city, dealing impartially with the socially elect and the submerged tenth. Illustrated.

THE MAGNIFICENT AMBERSONS by Booth Tarkington. New York: Doubleday-Page Co.
A novel of American life.

UNCHAINED RUSSIA by Charles Edward Russell. New York: D. Appleton & Co., \$1.50.

Russia and Russians as seen by a member of the American commission. An informing study of revolutionary Russia.

THE DOCTOR'S PART by Colonel James R. Church, M. D. New York: D. Appleton & Co., \$1.50.

What is done for the wounded soldier by the stretcher bearer, the ambulance driver, the nurse, the surgeon and the doctor. Illustrated.

PLEIADES—1917-1918.

Year book of the Pleiades club, with poems, storiottes, sketches, illustrations by the members. Published by the club.

COMMERCIAL ARBITRATION AND THE LAW by Julius Henry Cohen. New York: D. Appleton & Co., \$3.

An exhaustive historical study of the questions of public policy and the legal basis for arbitration agreements, including a study of such agreements and their validity. The author maintains that the doctrine of revocability of such agreements is a legal anachronism which should be eliminated at once. Index and bibliography.

REEDY'S MIRROR

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WILLIAM M. REEDY, Editor and Proprietor

For Our "Boys"

SO many of our readers have inquired about a reduction in the subscription rate for the boys at the front that we have decided to cut it in half. REEDY'S MIRROR will be sent to anyone in the training camps or the fighting forces anywhere for one year for \$1.50. This is done in recognition of our debt to them.

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Fire Mr. Jewell Mayes

By William Marion Reedy

CALL to the attention of Governor Frederick D. Gardner, "The Missouri Clip-Sheet, semi-monthly, Saturday, October 12, 1918, Vol I, No. 25."

The sheet is "Printed by the State Board of Agriculture, Jewell Mayes, Secretary, at the State Capital and entered as second-class mail matter at the Jefferson City, Missouri, post-office, October 13, 1917, under the act of June 6, 1900. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized on July 2, 1918."

In the middle column of the three composing the sheet, at the bottom thereof and running over into the third column, the governor will find this:

(Release for next edition)

Vote Against Single Tax

To the surprise of the farmers of Missouri, Single Tax comes up again this year to be voted on at the election on November fifth.

Each and every farmer in Missouri owes it to his home and family to go to the polls without fail to vote "NO" on Constitutional Amendment Number Eight, which is the Single Tax proposition.

The publication of *The Missouri Clip-Sheet* is paid for out of the public revenues. Those revenues are derived from the taxation of all citizens of the state, including Single Taxers. *The Missouri Clip-Sheet* is an official publication. The State Board of Agriculture is an official body; its secretary, Jewell Mayes, is a state officer.

The Missouri Clip-Sheet, in defiance of law and decency, takes a partisan stand upon a political, economic, social question submitted to all the people for their votes. It has no more right to advise the people who read it how to vote upon such a question than it has to tell them how they shall choose between Republican and Democratic candidates and policies. The single tax may be right or it may be wrong. That matters nothing. An official publication has no right to take sides between one theory of taxation and another. A state official has no right to use an official publication to defeat a proposed constitutional amendment in which a number of citizens, however small or great, believes. *The Missouri Clip-Sheet* is used to aid the political purposes of one set of people and to defeat the political purposes of another. It is made a piece of propaganda for one set of people against another. The publication becomes a campaign dodger for one set of people against another, paid for out of taxes contributed by those others. This is a clear case of public money being diverted to private purposes. It is against the constitution and the statute law.

The article quoted, prepared for clipping by the daily and weekly papers to which *The Missouri Clip-Sheet* is sent, at public expense, gives to the opponents of the proposed constitutional amendment an approval and sanction not authorized by anything in the law establishing the Missouri State Board of

Agriculture. That board was not appointed to decide the debatable question of the validity of the single tax theory. It has no more authority to condemn the single tax than to discredit Roman Catholicism or Congregationalism or Christian Science. *The Missouri Clip-Sheet* is prostituted to partisanism of the rankest kind.

Only a few weeks ago the secretary of the Missouri State Council of Defense, Mr. William Flewellyn Saunders, was dismissed for issuing a statement imputing misrepresentation of facts to Mr. Joseph W. Folk, then a candidate for the Democratic nomination for United States senator. It mattered not that Mr. Saunders had done this at the direction of dominating members of the Council of Defense. He had to go to save their faces. One of them was Governor Frederick D. Gardner. The action of Mr. Saunders, under orders, was a factional attack upon Mr. Folk in the interest or to the benefit of Mr. Wilfley, his rival for the nomination. Public opinion demanded that Mr. Saunders be retired and he was retired on the vote not only of men who told him to do what he did, but on the vote of one of them who had drawn up the form of the statement against Mr. Folk that Mr. Saunders had issued. And Governor Gardner appointed the Council of Defense, was a member of it, was an opponent of Mr. Folk and a supporter of Mr. Wilfley for the senatorial nomination and knew of, if he did not specifically sanction, the document put forth by Mr. Saunders.

I submit that the Missouri Board of Agriculture is acting as much in violation of law and decency in using public money to campaign against the single tax constitutional amendment, as did the Missouri Council of Defense in issuing a campaign attack of a slanderous character against one candidate for the Democratic nomination for United States senator. The Missouri Council of Defense repudiated the statement by Mr. Saunders, its secretary, and dismissed him from his position.

Did the Missouri State Board of Agriculture authorize the advice in *The Missouri Clip-Sheet* to all farmers in the state to vote "No" on the single tax amendment, and if so, by what warrant of law was such action taken?

If Mr. William Flewellyn Saunders was dismissed from the secretaryship of the Missouri Council of Defense for the statement issued against Mr. Folk, why should not Mr. Jewell Mayes be dismissed from the secretaryship of the Missouri State Board of Agriculture for advising people to vote against the single tax amendment to the constitution? If Mr. Mayes did this thing under instruction of the Missouri State Board of Agriculture, why should not the members of that board be made to resign for debauching their official position by taking sides officially in an economic controversy, submitted to the vote of all the people.

I would point out that the attack upon the single tax amendment, printed in *The Missouri Clip-Sheet* of October 12 is marked "release for next edition," that is it is put forth for reproduction in all the papers of the state from the last issue of *The Missouri Clip-Sheet* to appear prior to the date of the election at which the constitutional amendment is to

The Educational Crisis

By William Marion Reedy

be voted on. This looks as if it were designed to be of the utmost effectiveness in that election. The advice is given as near as possible to the election date that it may be fresh in the minds of voters on that day. The publication is a low-down, filthy, dastardly piece of political trickery, a shameful abuse of official authority and power, an outrage upon the rights of opinion and citizenship and a flagrant and possibly venal misuse of public funds.

The thing looks no whit better when viewed in the light of the knowledge of what Mr. Jewell Mayes' relations have been to the organizations and interests opposed to the adoption of the single tax theory of taxation in this state. Mr. Mayes is entitled as a citizen to oppose the single tax. But he is not within his authority as a state official when he uses the funds of the state of Missouri to pay for propaganda against a proposition to adopt a single tax amendment to the state constitution. He takes sides as a public servant against the honest opinion of many members of the public who contribute to the support of the state the money he uses to defeat their perfectly legitimate political purpose.

Mr. Jewell Mayes was for years editor of the *Richmond Missourian*, and a very good editor he was too, barring his "seeing red" on single tax. Governor Major made him secretary of the State Board of Agriculture, which position he is now prostituting. In 1912 he was conspicuous as an official of the Anti-Single Tax League, having charge of that organization's activities in Clay county. Whether he was paid for his services is probably immaterial. He is a deacon in the Christian church. During the 1912 campaign he was heard to tell some farmer friends to "have a rope ready" for Mr. Sheridan Webster when that gentleman appeared to debate the single tax question for the affirmative against Mr. E. B. Silvers. Mr. Mayes is a Democratic politician of the familiar Missouri type.

The Board of Agriculture which sanctions or connives at such action as that of Mr. Mayes is guilty of betrayal of public trust. It uses public office to influence public opinion upon matters in which public opinion is divided. The State Board of Agriculture is a big political machine, with its army of two hundred veterinarians and other attaches, and it should not be manipulated by Mayes or anyone else against measures proposed to all the people by a large number of the people.

Suppose Mr. Jewell Mayes had come out officially in *The Missouri Clip-Sheet*, paid for out of public funds, in behalf of prohibition. Would Governor Gardner or the people at large stand for it? Suppose Mr. Jewell Mayes as secretary of the State Board of Agriculture, in *The Missouri Clip-Sheet*, the printing of which is paid for by all the people, had advised "each and every farmer in the state" to vote against prohibition. Would Governor Gardner or the people stand for such abuse of authority? The answer to both questions is No.

The duty of Governor Gardner is to remove Mr. Jewell Mayes from office, or have his appointive Board of Agriculture do it. The governor is an *ex officio* member of the board; so are Uel W. Lamkin, state superintendent of public schools, and F. B. Mumford, dean of the college of agriculture. There are sixteen other members, representing the respective congressional districts of the state. The governor should move to vacate the secretaryship of the board and place the members on record as to their attitude towards using public office and public money for propaganda in behalf of a special interest. Are the members of the board officers of all the people, or tools of the land speculators and private loan-sharks? Shall the Board of Agriculture get away with a dirty trick like unto the one in the perpetration of which the inner ring of the State Council of Defense was caught? Will Governor Gardner rest serenely tarred with this second foul stick? Or will he move to fire Mr. Jewell Mayes? The people await an answer.

THE St. Louis *Times* has carried on for some months what is called in newspaper lingo a "crusade" for increased pay of teachers in the St. Louis public schools. Everybody hereabouts is for it—even the Board of Education. But the Board of Education cannot find the money. It shudders, as does everybody else, at the suggestion that the need be met by more taxation, though it is true that there is no taxation for which the people will stand more readily than taxation for education, the best future-building work extant. It has been suggested that the board economize in school building. The war board of corporation finances has attended to that. There will be no more palatial school houses for some time. It is proposed that citizens enter suit to recover from Mr. W. B. Ittner the three per cent architect's fee on the cost of school buildings erected for some years past paid to him by the board. This would be absurd. Mr. Ittner is the supreme school building architect not only of this country but the world. World-conventions of architects have voted so. His St. Louis school structures are models for emulation by school architects from Madrid to Mindanao. They are one of the things for which St. Louis is famous, one of the best advertisements we have had of our cultural atmosphere and achievement. And every school he has built has added value to property here. Mr. Ittner has been well paid, but not too well paid for the work he has done for education, for education is the better for being imparted or drawn out in beautiful and spacious and sanitary and safe schools. School buildings from now on, however, at least until we are somewhat relieved of war tax burdens, should not be so expensive. There are superfluities in the conduct of the schools. There are excrescences upon education that can be cut off. There are expenses of administration that can be reduced. The superintendent of schools, Mr. Withers, has set about finding the way to find the money to pay the teachers a living wage, such as they are not paid now. Mr. Withers' will indicates that the way will be found.

St. Louis school teachers' plight is not peculiar nor singular. The school system generally has been hard hit by the war. Education is woefully demoralized in all directions. It is a serious national situation. "From all parts of the country," says the *New York Nation*, "come complaints of the scarcity of teachers, of overcrowded classrooms, of schools consolidated or closed because no one can be found to take charge of them. In New York city eight hundred school-rooms are reported to be without teachers. High schools in New England which even last year were greatly under-staffed are said to be starting the year with only one-half or one-fourth of the old teachers back. Much the same conditions exist in the colleges and universities, and at the same time, as it happens, that militarization of the higher institutions has immensely increased attendance. The public, meantime, knows perfectly well what the reason is for the shortage of teachers. The salaries of public school teachers and of the lower grades of college instructors have long been, and still are, so wretchedly small as to bear no rational relation to the cost of living; while the unstable conditions of tenure, the favoritism and intermeddling of politics, and the arbitrary methods of administrative officials have gone far, in connection with the inadequate salaries, to rob teaching of its interest as a career. As a result, thousands of teachers have already left the schools for more remunerative employment in other occupations, and thousands more are fitting themselves as rapidly as possible to follow the example. What is more, the teachers who are needed to recruit the annual loss due to death or retirement, not to speak of the requirements of a rapidly growing population, are not in sight. The result is that to-day, with the demand for sound and practical education greater than ever, the supply of teachers is suffering a sharp decline both absolutely and relatively; while the quality of

teaching, due to the loss of experienced teachers, the bringing in of untrained, inexperienced, or mediocre substitutes, and the employment of an excessive proportion of immature young women, is everywhere being lowered. There is only one remedy, and that is to pay adequate salaries and make the schools democratic."

The *Nation* states the whole case with terse forcefulness, though I would not be understood as saying that its animadversion upon politics in the schools has application to conditions in St. Louis, for here our school system is free from political manipulation. There is but one means of raising money with which to pay adequate salaries. Retrenchment in administration expenses and elimination of educational superfluities will not meet the demand. The only way to get enough money to pay the very best teachers that may be secured, is by taxation. The people who pay heavy taxes for war will have to pay heavy taxes for good schools and good teachers. We shall never again have teachers as cheap as we have had them. There are more jobs than people looking for jobs and the pay must rise. Women will not for long be paid less money than men for work equal in quantity and quality. Teaching as a profession is come into its own. It has always been miserably underpaid not only in the public schools but in the colleges and universities. So we must look to taxation to meet the situation. And I would suggest that one way to get the money would be by taxing adequately the one form of wealth which everybody makes and nobody owns but which is copped off by a few—land values. Take for the people the wealth made by all the people.

"Make the schools democratic," says the *Nation*. That counsel needs elucidation and specification. What is "democratic?" Each will answer in his own tongue. Possibly there are undemocratic things in the curriculum. Immediately, just now, everybody will exclaim, "The kindergarten!" But why abolish the beautiful and useful kindergarten because it has a German name. Froebel got little encouragement in Germany and there is little left of Germanism in our kindergartens. Shall we cut out the classics and other languages in the high schools? Surely not. Shall drawing go by the board, or music? That will never do. Everybody is entitled to as much education of all kinds or any kind as he or she can absorb. It is hard to specify in what respect exactly our schools are undemocratic. I should say the only thing that will make them more democratic is to get more children into them, to get all children into them for as long a time as possible, and get into the children as much education of all kinds as possible. There are many educational novelties urged upon us—the Ferrer school, the Montessori system, the Gary plan, for examples. There is good in all, but no formula holds all truth here or elsewhere. All formulae suffer through the over-emphasis of details by their advocates. The old educational policy can take in anything good. It is not constructed to bar out anything worthy. Novelties may be listed, but novelties are not always democratic, in education. Most of them are in the nature of special dispensations. Should the people have more to say about what is taught in the schools? Should we carry out the elective system to the extreme of the application to the schools of the initiative and referendum? Surely education, above all things, should be left in the hands of those who know. The easy thing and the useful thing in education—they don't make for character-education. Remains then the sinister suggestion that the unexpressed antithesis in the *Nation's* editorial to "democratic" is "militaristic." There is a danger of militarizing education, but I think the people won't stand for that. They won't set up here an idol of Moloch duplicating the one they have smashed abroad.

But the school teachers of St. Louis and of the whole United States must be adequately paid. Cheap education makes cheap-minded pupils and ultimately a citizenry without ideals, without souls above material things.

Folk by Fifty Thousand

By William Marion Reedy

MR. JOSEPH W. FOLK should be elected United States Senator from Missouri by, at the very least, 50,000 majority. This, because he represents the politics and policies which best accord with the spirit of the time. Not alone is he in thorough harmony with the national and international purposes of Woodrow Wilson, President of the United States and head of the Democratic party, in the present crisis, for all candidates are professedly so, but his patriotism is not a late development. His is a patriotism that was given democratic expression long before the war.

When he was governor of this state Folk favored the self-determination of our own people as to governmental affairs by means of the initiative and referendum, taking from special interests and subservient legislatures the power to impose upon the public laws disposing of its liberties and possessions to the strengthening of privilege. It was Mr. Folk who put an end to the reign and rule of the junkers of corporation power at the state capital. He compelled the passage of laws reducing railroad passenger rates and putting a limit on freight rates. It was at his suggestion a law was passed that prevents trusts and combinations from selling goods higher in one part of the state than in another, considering cost of transportation. This put a stop to special underselling campaigns in certain sections in order to destroy competitors. Governor Folk was among the first of state executives to formulate and press to passage laws against child labor and for compulsory education. Similarly he landed a heavy blow against food adulteration. Under Folk the banking laws were changed to make more secure the money of depositors and to make stockholders better able to protect themselves. Through the appeal of Folk good roads were inaugurated; highway engineers were provided for, \$500,000 was appropriated as a good roads fund and thereby was secured the distribution among the counties of the state of \$1,000,000 for the construction of good roads. To Folk we owe the beginning of the regulation of rates charged by public utilities. This has saved the public from extortion and it is now saving the public service corporations from bankruptcy. A law was passed at Folk's urgent appeal to extend the protection of the fellow servant law to workers in the mines. In happy consonance with this was his putting through the law which gives parents or other dependent relatives right of action for the death through negligence of unmarried adults. Folk, too, fathered the law permitting the parole of convicted first offenders against the criminal laws—preventing their being sent to the penitentiary to be schooled in crime.

This record is democracy that is more and better than mere lip-service and phrasemongering. This is what Folk has done. It is the record of good works without which the faith is dead. All of it shows that Folk knows and is committed to what is necessary to be done in the great work of industrial and social reconstruction after the war. That programme will be, must be the gubernatorial achievements of Folk in Missouri writ large. He will be effective in speeding up the work in the United States senate. His special equipment for the task is indisputable. He is a constructive Democrat. He not only thinks but acts on the same lines as Woodrow Wilson.

We hear much of making the world safe for democracy. Well and good. Mr. Folk should be elected senator to make Democracy safe for Missouri. We haven't that kind now. We have had our State Council of Defense caught using the war to play factional politics. We have the State Board of Agriculture propagandizing for the defeat of proposals for amendment of the constitution made by citizens who provide the funds to pay that board. We have had the Democratic party under domination by race-track gamblers and bucket-shop operators. We have

had a police force run in the interest of macquereaux and badger-game sharpers. Folk smashed the race-gamblers and the bucket-shop ring and broke up the combination between the police and crooks. It was Folk who broke up the boodle gang in St. Louis that had put up the town for private sale to corporation bidders. It was against that kind of Democracy Folk's labors tended to make safe both Missouri and St. Louis. Folk might have been United States senator in 1912 if he had violated his principles and built up a machine for his election in city and state. Mr. Stone defeated him because he would not play the game of using his appointees to dragoon the voters—another manifestation of Democracy against which every state should be made safe. It was this kind of democracy the State Council of Defense tried to bring to bear to defeat Mr. Folk's nomination last August. Mr. Folk has been constructive of the right kind of democracy, but gloriously destructive of bastard democracy. The opposition to him today is an opposition rooted in this democracy with the bar-sinister.

A drive is being made against Mr. Folk because he is said to be a prohibitionist. The record shows that when he was governor he induced the legislature to abandon its effort to bring about prohibition. What Folk did was to insist that the saloon interests obey the law as written. They had grown arrogant and defied the law. Folk forced them to do that which, had they done it without forcing, would have given no justification to the fanatics of prohibition in their warfare on all liquor in order to get rid of the saloon evil. In this matter of prohibition Mr. Folk represents sane, liberal, regulative democracy as distinguished from sumptuary tyranny and the *verboten* policy as regards personal habits.

As counsel of the Interstate Commerce Commission it was Mr. Folk who exposed the corruptionism of the unspeakable Mellen's administration of the New York and New Haven railroad, and made Mellen in effect plead guilty by unloading upon a dead man—Pierpont Morgan. When Mr. Folk resigned his place with the commission to fight the so-called bridge arbitrary on coal brought across the river to St. Louis from the East, I thought and still think he had no case in the law as defined by the United States supreme court, but for all that he was acting, even if for a fee, according to his conception of the rights of his community as against the Terminal association. He undertook what he conceived to be a public service, and in doing so he invited the enmity of powerful interests. He might have let it alone, just as he might have let alone, as other circuit attorneys before him did, the open and notorious boodling of the St. Louis municipal assembly.

There's no difficulty at all in being patriotic nowadays. In fact no man can resist the patriotic atmosphere in time of war. Everybody is patriotic—Mr. Folk's Republican opponent is most commendably so. But the patriotism of doing one's duty to one's private and civic conscience in peace times is not so easy, or, unfortunately, so common. It is not easy to go out and fight entrenched civic wrongs and to incur the enmity of all the good fellows who support them, when one might so smoothly make unto himself a friend of the Mammon of unrighteousness. It requires courageous patriotism to pursue a course in which every right step tramples upon the corns of those who have wealth and social position and political and other power. Mr. Folk took this difficult path and showed this fine moral courage. He made and is making the fight that led Woodrow Wilson from Princeton to Washington, the fight against the supremacy of men over laws that is represented in *excelsis* by Hohenzollern and Hapsburg, the fight that makes Woodrow Wilson the pillar of all peoples' hope, the center of a world's desire.

And this is why Mr. Joseph W. Folk should be elected United States senator from Missouri by, at the very least, 50,000 majority.

Reflections

By William Marion Reedy

Leave It to Foch

GERMANY'S latest note deserves short shrift with as much politeness as the President can command. Germany says the people have been admitted to participation in the government, but there is no proof. Some dubious socialists are cabinet ministers "without portfolios," something like head clerks. There is no proof even that the direct, individual secret ballot has been accorded the German people. Her democratization may be a temporary ruse to flatter the bourgeois. We must be shown.

Germany wants an armistice, leaving the armies in the positions they occupy at the time of the declaration. An armistice with a German army of two hundred divisions withdrawn, almost in rout, to a shorter, well fortified line! Not much. That army could too easily be reorganized to strike when the war-lords get ready to break off negotiations. We cannot trust German faith. "The truth itself is not believed, from one who often has deceived." Leave the question of the armistice to the allied generalissimo, Foch.

Germany resents the reproach of atrocities by u-boats and in her withdrawal from occupied places in northern France and Belgium, and would leave them to an investigation by neutrals. No investigation should be held while Germany's forces are in the field. All delay now aids Germany.

Germany has ordered her u-boats to cease sinking passenger ships. If she was in the right in their use, if the u-boat campaign was not a series of atrocities, why discontinue it?

The President has not demanded "unconditional surrender." He has only said there can be no negotiations while the German army occupies seized territory. When that army is back on German soil we will negotiate with a responsible government representative of the German people. He does not slam the door on negotiation, but he will not negotiate with a government whose army is in being and in occupation of allied territory.

Germany asks a peace consistent with her "honor." Her honor is like *Falstaff's* conception of that quality. She lost her honor when she invaded Belgium, sunk the *Lusitania*, shelled hospital ships, bombed open towns, sunk civilian laden life-boats, murdered Edith Cavell, shot Captain Fryatt.

The American people want no peace palaver with a still strongly armed Germany. They don't want the German people crushed. They want to crush autocracy and militarism. When the German people forswear both, when there is a German peoples' government, not a government dominated by the military high command, we will talk terms of peace, and we promise in advance to admit such a Germany into the league of nations.

Germany cannot win the war. Austria is dismembering. She is lost to Germany. Turkey is cut off from the central empires and ready for peace. The dream of Middle Europe is dissipated. The German army retreats. The German navy is bottled up. Germany is starving. She cannot dictate terms of peace. She will be dealt with in the light of her early declarations of purpose. She will be compelled to give guarantees of reparation and restitution and she will be garrisoned, as she garrisoned France for years, until the bill is paid. And there shall be no truce until Germany lays down her arms, or at least until her armies are withdrawn to German soil. This is the opinion and purpose of the American people, speaking through their chief executive.

It is expected that the President's reply to the latest German plea for an armistice and negotiation

will courteously but firmly reiterate and re-emphasize his former expressions.

When negotiation time arrives we shall see what Germany wants as reward for loosing hell on earth. What she will get we may judge from the President's reply to Austria, setting forth that she must discuss peace with the Czechoslovak nation and not with him.

Meanwhile the armies of a world uprisen against German domination will continue to batter the wavering line of that force that was to make Wilhelm emperor of the earth and the battering will go on until the German legions yield the field. The first indispensable preliminary to negotiation must be left to the determination of Ferdinand Foch. After that the world may again cautiously enter into pourparlers with the sadly dilapidated and discredited *Deutsche Treue*.



Where a Democrat Comes In

AN able and attractive man, Mr. Jacob Meeker, congressman from the Tenth Missouri district and the Republican nominee, died last week. His party committee nominated Fred Essen, the Republican boss of St. Louis county, for Mr. Meeker's unexpired term and Mr. Cleveland Newton for the long term. The committee made a mistake in making two nominations. The one given Mr. Essen was a mere compliment to a boss and presumably to the Germanic element in the district. Such action shows that political manipulation was more in the nominators' minds than the selection of a man who would give uninterrupted and unfailing support to the prosecution of the war. This is no time for paying mere compliments to bosses. Though the district is staggeringly Republican, the action of that party's committee should cost it some votes. It doesn't promise whole-hearted support of the war. The voters of the district should reckon that it is unwise to choose two congressmen, one of whom will hardly have time to warm his seat before he must leave it. Voters having victory at heart should vote for Mr. Harlan E. Read, Democratic nominee for both terms. In all the state the Democrats have put up no stronger man than Mr. Read. He is of a pronouncedly progressive, intellectual type, a teacher, a successful business man, an author of a challenging book, "The Abolition of Inheritance," that gives an earnest of his quality of applied Democracy. Such a man as Mr. Read would add to the prestige of the Missouri delegation in congress. He isn't a person of boilerplate ideas but an economic and social philosopher who understands the Wilson ideas in their essence, who believes in them for themselves and does not adopt them because they happen accidentally to have got into the platform. Mr. Read is the kind of man who would give President Wilson intelligent, not perfunctory partisan support. He is a man who will support the Wilson after-war policies of reconstruction. This probably no Republican congressman will do, because reconstruction will have to be carried out on lines that will cross Republican policy and principle. Mr. Read is a fundamental democrat and he wants this country made more democratic rather than less, after the war has established democracy in Europe. He is right on the tariff issue, that is to say against a protectionist war after the war. He is a Wilsonian on the labor question. On taxation he believes those should pay who profit from the progress and production of the community rather than those who create the wealth of the community. He is for the farmer who farms his farm rather than for the fellow who farms the farmer. And his election would mean that the Tenth congressional district would no longer be the pocket borough of one special interest, that of the brewers, although as an individualist sociologist he is an irreconcilable opponent of the policy of prohibition. He is in favor of woman suffrage as the ultimate logic of complete democracy. He is young, energetic, enthusiastic and untrammelled by machine obligations. American, too,

from the heart of the Abe Lincoln country. Such is the man whose candidacy should dissipate utterly the great Republican majority in this district fixed for that party by Democratic gerrymanderers. The Republicans are so sure of success they can afford to pass out nomination and election as a compliment to a county boss. They play with a place in congress like a toy in this critical period in the nation's history. For such frivolous fiddling while Rome is burning the serious American voters of the district should rebuke the Republican managers by voting for Mr. Harlan E. Read. Should they elect him, no district in the United States will be better represented in respect of the quality of new age ideas distinctively, fervently democratic and American. Now is the time for the Tenth district to break its bondage to the tradition of beer bossism and send a man to Washington who will oppose prohibition not because it is bad for brewers but because it is bad for the honesty and the character of the people, an abomination to the spirit of human liberty and a surrender of man's distinction over the brute—free will.



Two-Voiced Max

I QUITE agree with the *Christian Science Monitor* that people should not attach much importance to Maximilian Harden's present pacific pulings in *Die Zukunft*. I remember very well Harden's bombastic slobbering, frenetic rhodomontades in the early days of the war. He was for Germany's giving on the point of the sword the law of civilization to the remainder of the world. Harden was serving the purposes of the war-lords then in deceiving the people. He is probably serving the same masters now, aiding them to make the people believe that the peace proposals are fair and that the rejection of those proposals means a determination to destroy the people—a determination to be resisted to the last ditch. Harden is not to be trusted. His conversion is too complete by far.



Save the Soul Alive

PROPOSED constitutional amendment number 6 on the ballot provides for state-wide prohibition in Missouri. It should be defeated. All the sins of the liquor interest, many and grievous though they be, cannot justify the state's denial of a man's right to gratify his appetite within the limits at which such gratification becomes an invasion of other people's rights. Freedom for the individual with responsibility for the abuse of that freedom is a cardinal principle of democratic ethics. Men are not to be driven to a virtue set up by other men. Men are not to be saved from vice by the state's decree against the use of that which is not evil in itself. Prohibition punishes all for the failings of a very few. The evils of liquor drinking can be minimized, if not eliminated, by regulation. Drunkenness is dying out through the growth of individual self-control based on rational self-interest. Let us leave men masters of themselves and not make them wards of the state. Prohibition is not the way to make men. It can only make for flabbiness of character since it removes the incitement to resistance of evil and the deliberate choice of good. We want citizens who are masters of their fates, not manikins and automata jerked by state strings when not smothered in cotton-battling laws. Prohibition isn't a question of saving the breweries. It is a question of saving the captaincy of the individual man's own soul. Who cares for the breweries? But everyone must care for freedom which is the way to all human betterment.



Punish "Liberty" Lynchings

It would not be a bad thing if the authorities would bring to punishment some of the persons in various communities who assaulted, maimed, painted yellow or otherwise maltreated citizens who did not subscribe, as the mob thought they should, to Liberty

bonds. This lynching spirit should more than ever be put down now. I have seen a letter to Secretary of War Baker by Mr. George J. Knapp, of Salt Lake City, setting forth things done there by soldiers from Fort Douglas, near that city, that cannot be designated otherwise than atrocities. Mr. Knapp says that a reputable citizen named Sailor, who had purchased between \$10,000 and \$12,000 in Liberty bonds, was jammed in the stomach with a soldier's rifle, seizing which he had his hand cruelly torn by the soldier's jerking the weapon away. Mr. Sailor's offense was that he did not wear the bond-purchaser's button and would not at command walk in the gutter rather than on the sidewalk. He was arrested but released. Mr. Knapp says "there were hundreds of similar cases. Women with infants in arms were forced into the gutters in like manner." It is bad enough that over-excited civilians should mob citizens not patriotic enough to suit their exacting tastes, but it is a disgrace to the country that soldiers of the nation should indulge in such manifestations of the spirit of the Prussian soldiers in peace at Zabern and in war in any place in Belgium. If Mr. Knapp can make good his charges, and he tells Secretary of War Baker that he "can give any number of concrete instances" of such conduct by men in uniform, some of the preposterously superheated soldiery who disgraced the service should be made to suffer for their performances. All such outrages should be investigated and all offenders punished, civil as well as military. And this is not the opinion of a person who is in the least tainted with pacifism or defeatism. Liberty is not furthered and fostered by lynchings. The President should take cognizance of such things and arouse the country to the duty of extirpating such lawlessness in the name of patriotism.



The Local Police Scandal

OUT of the clutter of rumor and surmise over the St. Louis Police Board's suspension of the chief of police, some captains and lieutenants, I gather that the action was taken because if it hadn't been the Washington authorities were prepared to take charge of the police department. The reason for such a situation is not disclosed because it would interfere with the ends of justice. That it has to do with intimidation of witnesses exercised upon the keepers of houses of ill-fame who gave evidence against a powerful petty local Republican politician unnaturalized, holding a city office, seems to be conceded. That it may relate to a failure of the suspended officials to prevent the colonization and illegal registration of negro voters for the next election is suspected. The Chief of Police was a Republican. It is certain that the Democrats wanted the Republican chief out and a Democratic chief in. They want police help in the coming election, or at least they don't want the police used against them. It is certain that the new temporary chief is the man who, it has been reported for a couple years, was wanted in the place by those eminent ward politicians "Jimmie" Miles and "Boots" Brennan. Because the suspended chief knew the men who were favored for police promotion to serve Democratic ends, those men were "sent to the sticks." If notorious houses flourished under the administration of a Democratic police board, Republican politicians seem to have had much to do with the keepers of such resorts, else those keepers had not been witnesses against the Republican politicians and threatened with "bad luck" for giving evidence against them. Lately a raid on men not engaged in essential work was made by the Republican chief of police's order in a way calculated to make votes for the Republican ticket. The order was rescinded and it appears that the authorities at Washington are convinced the order was carried out in excess of what the government requested. The *St. Louis Times* lays emphasis upon the existence of notorious houses under a Democratic board, but says nothing about the Republican chief and the pull exerted upon him by Republican politicians under investigation by the espionage department. Granted

that the police board made the changes among the heads of the force at the demand of a federal department engaged in the prosecution of the war, the public will stand by the board; but the public doesn't want the force controlled by men who are the tools of ward bosses who claim certain kinds of protection for certain kinds of base callings, on the strength of what they have done or may be expected to do in politics for the governor.



The President at the Peace Table

HON. MARTIN H. GLYNN, in an exceptionally eloquent editorial in his paper, the *Times-Union* of Albany, New York, urges that Woodrow Wilson have a seat at the coming peace conference. We have learned but recently that the President is a member of the Versailles War Council. There is no insuperable objection to what is proposed by the man who made the splendid keynote speech opening the last Democratic national convention. If the peace conference sits while Woodrow Wilson is President, this country might or might not wish him to attend the sessions, but it is evident that he could be as effectively a member of that conference, remaining in Washington, as he is a member now of the War Council. Indeed, he does so splendidly in his lone "sessions of sweet silent thought" in the White House, there is no dread that he would fail in any respect as a long-distance peace counselor. A great many Americans undoubtedly would say, off hand, that the very best of reasons would have to be advanced to justify the President's departure from this country to participate in the peace negotiation and settlement. There may very well be reasons why some people should be nervous about the possibilities of action in the person of the man who would have to act for the President during his absence. There is no doubt about the patriotism of Vice-President Marshall, but there is some doubt about the quality of his judgment. He does not act or speak with that circumspection which characterizes the political conduct of Woodrow Wilson. If, as now seems unlikely, the peace conference should not be held until after the expiration of President Wilson's present term of office, it might be the inevitably proper thing for Woodrow Wilson to represent this country at the peace table. Provided, of course, that conditions would not be such as to make it plain to the people that the best interests of this country and of the world would be best served by electing Mr. Wilson president for another term. Ex-Governor Glynn believes the council will be held soon. He does not believe that Mr. Wilson's influence can be transferred to anyone else, or his prestige delegated. That influence and prestige are the greatest in the world. Mr. Wilson is the man to whom all peoples look for a peace that will be lasting. The President is called to a service higher than he owes to this country. "Conditions and qualifications, education and strategic position equip Woodrow Wilson for this service as no other man in this world is equipped to-day. And for this service a determined people, an emphatic congress should draft him. . . . With Woodrow Wilson at the council table of the nations the battle for democracy will have been won and of this marvelous fact mankind will rest assured even before the conference begins its momentous sessions." Ex-Governor Glynn's glowing editorial, with its very important core-idea, has not been as widely discussed as it deserves. Of a surety it will come up in public discussion in the very near future. If there are obstacles or barriers to the President's going to the council in some European neutral state, the governor-editor says "they must be brushed away." We are used to brushing things away in these times. The distinguished New Yorker's idea is a good one, and if President Wilson is convinced that he should attend the peace council or that the people are so convinced, he will go. He could be President from the Hague or from Berne as effectively as he is a dominant factor in the war council at Versailles, from Washington.

A Prayer to Our Lady

By R. L. G.

LOOK kindly where poor people are;
Mary of Homes, keep troubles far.

Shelter beneath thy prayers' wings,
Mary of Roses, all young things.

Send us high skies, blue days, and fair,
Mary of Swallows, bless the air.

Pray for the sea with pleading lips,
Make storms still, Mary of the Ships.

Bring whalers home from Iceland seas,
To their port, Mary of Oranges.

Paint lovers' days with rose-red hue,
Mary of Peacocks, green and blue.

All homeless men abroad at night,
Mary of Candles, give them light.

Make a wide space behind their bars
For prisoners, Mary of the Stars.

To mourners meek that seek thy shrine,
Give mirth for sadness, Mary of Wine.

Shed balm on aching eyes that weep,
In woods of summer, Mary of Sleep.

Mary of Tyrol, thy care be
O'er Flanders and o'er Brittany.

Send soon these weary wars may cease,
Mary of Jesus, give us peace.

Pray for me as I ring thy chimes
In my poor belfry, Mary of Rhymes.

The Nation (London).



Reactions of a Reader

By Alliterarius

XVIII.—TO A CRUEL MISAPPREHENSION

"OH, the unutterable sadness of it! To be misunderstood!" wrote the sweet girl graduate in her commencement essay—an immortal sentiment not born to die. How many of us have felt its force—especially when our utterances, despite the most honorable intentions, are so misconstrued as to pain our all-too-feeling hearts!

A few issues back I reacted, in the MIRROR, to the Great American Novel, using as my point of departure the latest (at that time!) example of this sublime species of *opus magnum*, as illustrated and described in that section of the New York *Sun* entitled "Books and the Book World." In so doing I labored manfully to treat my subject—to react to it—with all my best resources of profundity and erudition, ethos and pathos, hindsight and prophetic gifts. Imagine, then, my disappointment, my overwhelming sadness, beside which that of the fair author of the above-mentioned immortal sentiment was a mere fleeting emotion, to perceive that I have been misunderstood! For the literary editor of the *Sun*, for whom I expressed, in my shy remarks, the utmost appreciation, in alluding thereto asserts that I "poked fun at him." An allegation—or, rather, misapprehension—that affects me almost to the point of tears and would send me into the fast-approaching winter wrapped in a desolation of gloom but for the fact that the end of the war seems in sight, with a possibility of the amelioration of the world's worst miseries.

The idea—the very idea!—of Alliterarius "poking fun" at the literary editor of the *Sun*! That a cat may look at a king I learned in early youth from an

illustrated book of proverbs by whose aid the laborious process of assimilating the elements of culture was inculcated. And I have never forgotten it. But that a mere writer—and an unknown writer, at that—should so far forget himself not only, but the differences in their respective stations in *le monde littéraire*, as well, as to direct his levity at a literary editor, especially the literary editor of that effulgent orb, the *Sun*, is something so incredible and monstrous as to stagger belief. Can it be true? Angels and ministers of grace defend me from so horrible a suspicion! No—it is only another of those cruel misapprehensions, from time to time bound to arise, from which even literary editors are not immune and from which those unjustly accused must suffer in silence. That is unless they are so happy as to have an indulgent publisher like Mr. Reedy, willing to give them leeway to explain themselves, regardless of the new rules for the conservation of print-paper.

The agony of being misunderstood would seem to be sufficient. But that is not all. The literary editor of the *Sun* also accuses me of being ignorant. And, as we all know, if you see it in the *Sun*, etc., etc. Alas, alack and woe is me! To be so rewarded after having exhausted my encomiastic powers upon the aforesaid literary editor and pronounced him one of my principal benefactors. For did I not declare that his unapproachable *précis* of the G. A. N. in its latest (at that time—remember, oh, reader, that this was seven weeks or more ago!) incarnation had saved me the trouble of reading it?

To poke fun at a literary editor is in itself sufficient of a literary crime. But to do it in an ignorant manner! Observe the condition, the situation, in which I am placed. That of a criminal who, looking desperately about for extenuating circumstances which he may invoke, finds instead that he is beset by aggravating ones which increase his turpitude!

But, can I rest under these terrible accusations without making some sort of an effort to clear myself? No—I can, I must, not! There are extenuating circumstances, and I shall try to exhibit them.

As I have said, it is now seven or eight weeks ago that the Great American Novel under discussion by the literary editor of the *Sun* (and myself—I wish the linotype could set up "myself" in very small type, to show my sense of abasement, but I suppose mechanical exigencies forbid) was the subject of his masterly and memorable *précis*. Since then of course many others have appeared—for the Great American Novel continues ever to be forthcoming in a persistency of fresh forms. That is, if the publishers' announcements—and their fiery-footed steeds gallop apace these times, being unaffected even by gasless Sabbaths—are to be believed; also the burning words of the reviewers. Possibly the one seven or eight weeks ago under discussion may already have been forgotten, save by the *Sun*'s literary editor and myself. But, hoping that it has not, I will venture to say that I found one of its most absorbing features the circumstance that the heroine yearned to become the mother of twelve—count 'em, twelve!—children; but, having accomplished two, only, an overplus of material for the G. A. N. was thereby accumulated, and she did not commit so fatal an error as to proceed with the remaining ten.

For this I expressed my appreciation. And I also went on to say that I had known several mothers of twelve children, and not one of them would have made a heroine of a G. A. N. that would sell twelve copies. Thinking, therefore, to commend the discretion of the fair authoress of the romance in question, and to gratify the literary editor of the *Sun* thereby—lo and behold! I have merely brought down upon myself the crushing charge of ignorance. For, the literary editor of the *Sun* proceeds to remark, "It might reasonably be argued that any mother of twelve (in these days at any rate) must be so exceptional as to deserve not merely a fictional but a biographical eminence. But as a matter of fact, Mrs. P. (the lady author of the G. A. N. in question,

I would explain) was herself one of twelve children; and it is very evident from her account of her mother that Mrs. S. would have been a striking figure in fiction, perhaps too unusual to be believed in readily." And the literary editor of the *Sun* goes on to remark that the "jester in REEDY'S MIRROR" can be even further controverted.

It is all terribly crushing, to Alliterarius. And yet—considering all the things that the literary editor of the *Sun* sets forth, why, oh why, did the fair authoress of the G. A. N. begin with the high ambition for twelve and end up with only two? How lame and impotent a conclusion considering the materials at hand, especially when they were of so striking a description as is intimated! Without doubt the *Sun* editor is right in saying that it "might reasonably be argued." Of course it might. But as the Old Tentmaker observed, argument does not prevent us from coming out by the same door where in we went. The heroine of the G. A. N. argues for twelve—but she comes out with two, only; and they seem to be amply sufficient for the purposes of her tale. And there you have it!

I must admit, in my ignorance, that the more I think of *twelve* the more affrighted I become. What, for example, might eventuate if Theodore Dreiser, with the passion for obstetrical detail which distinguished one of his G. A. N.'s, took it into his head to have his heroine add to the population a dozen different times—or say, eleven, so as to allow for one pair of twins? Simply, I shudder to think of it! As all readers of G. A. N.'s are aware, "The Genius" was promptly suppressed by a stern censor, vigilant to prevent the contamination of our morals or imaginations. But really, you know, in the light of what it might have been, on the dozen basis—but no, my imagination reels, and I can't think! I can't, indeed, even "reasonably argue." But no doubt the literary editor of the *Sun* can. Let him go to it, an he will.

Let me plead, therefore, in behalf of my ignorance, that my intentions were of the best. As a matter of fact, I have never, in the course of my reading, encountered but one heroine that was a mother of twelve. She was—and then some. For she had fourteen! But she would never do for the Great American Novel. Not at all. For, as it happened, she was a German princess who, for reasons of state, being relegated to the life conventual, although the head of a religious community, and rejoicing the title of abbess, solaced herself for her enforced deprivation of the bliss of matrimony by the production of fourteen different scions, the fruits of doubtless highly spiritual loves. As I have said, she would never do for the heroine of the Great American Novel. Yet the genius of the fictional (I must work that adjective in somehow, so here goes!) artist is capable of wondrous things. So I pass her on to Mr. Dreiser, feeling that if, by the exercise of his literary magic, he took a notion to put her into the third and yet unpublished volume of his trilogy *manqué*, written around the adventures of *Frank Cowperwood*, he would accomplish a *chef d'oeuvre*. Though I shouldn't undertake any promises about the censor in that event!

In closing, however, I must not omit to say that the literary editor of the *Sun* is not quite fair. He remarks: "REEDY'S MIRROR says many intelligent things, but the improvement of American literature by a magazine which considers 'lit'ry' a humorous effect seems to us most unlikely." Now, REEDY'S MIRROR does not do any such thing. It was Alliterarius who thus offended. Nor was my use of the locution even an original one. I picked it up from the reading of a writer whose humor has been widely extolled—even in the *Sun*! I don't know that lit'ry is humorous. It's just handy. And, at times, appropriate. But the literary editor of the *Sun* will take notice that, in these remarks, I have made no elisions and accord him his full title—thinking that, perhaps, this might seem humorous, if the other didn't . . . Like all mere writers, I realize that, whatever one does, humor the literary editor one must!

The Work of Louis Dodge

By William Marion Reedy

THERE has been no exploitation of Louis Dodge, novelist. This is becoming enough, for there is no writing man more modest. He is singularly well unknown here in his home town, St. Louis. There is no coterie that gathers about him and shouts for him. Even in newspaper circles in which he has worked for years little is heard of him as a local literary light. He has quit journalism and taken a room in an office building and works there regular hours daily, with what excellent result! There are four books to his credit: "Bonnie May," "Children of the Desert," "A Runaway Woman" and "The Sandman's Forest"—all published by Charles Scribner's Sons. The last named is a child's story—for grown-ups, as well—and a most pleasing fantasy it is too.

Of "Bonnie May" it can be said that it is a charming story of a lovely and precocious theatrical waif, a little girl who, in her startlingly frank, innocent wisdom develops in all with whom she is brought in contact the play of sweetness and light. There is a domestic misunderstanding worked out into satisfactory felicity and a delicious love-story likewise. Mr. Dodge has created an atmosphere of reality that absolutely cancels all realism as ordinarily understood. If, as you sometimes feel in reading the story, it couldn't be true, nevertheless the author's hypnotic power is such that you feel it all should be true. It were delightful if there were no people in the world but those like *Bonnie May* and those about her. There is sorrow in this world of his, but it is sorrow that is sweetening. And the little child heroine it is who takes and makes this world all as it should be. Here knowledge of life in some unhandsome phases is not contaminating but makes for purity, and here too the conventions are made merry over without disparagement of the excellent things which convention conserves. "Bonnie May" is not a world-moving book but it is an exceeding pleasant one and its savor remains with one for long. The little girl is rememberable for character and piquancy not too much romanticized and the lives she affects are made better for her presence.

In "Children of the Desert" Mr. Dodge deals with deeper and more terrible things. Here is a story which shall ever be associated in my mind with such tremendous human studies as "Madame Bovary" and "Tess of the Durbervilles." Is this strong commendation? I can but refer you to the book itself for a masterly analysis of character and of passion. The girl is beautiful and of pure intent but there is the flaw of too ready response to the pleasing in life and this it is that brings on doom. The man, the principal man, is an idealist rapt in his love and led on to a fate that is only less terrible than hers who has been the ruin of both. One might aver that here again is that pure woman truthfully portrayed, of Hardy. The innocent inevitableness of what her weakness brings to pass is almost inexpressibly piteous. All of it works out in a milieu of primitive border society, in a region of fierce sun and sand and "northerns," with the coming to the front of barbaric and brutal baseness which sickens the soul. And all the terror and horror of it might have been as they were not, for a little truth where was a reservation that concealed a lie. The story is big in its briefness and it is colorful in condensed, reserved fashion. The characters are not described; they act, they live themselves out consistently and proceed to the tragic end with a certain joyousness of vitality the more striking because of what the reader, and possibly subconsciously the characters themselves must sense from the beginning. Against the blackness of the end there is always a brightness of beauty and this lingers even when the girl is left to the greater death than befell her loyal husband. I should say that "Children of the Desert" is a classic American story.

Now we have "A Runaway Woman," recently pub-

lished. This is an idyl of the open road. Maybe it is an allegory too. Be that as it may, the story is as fresh as morning dew. It is modern too. *Susan Herkimer*, who has contracted a free union with a man of whom she knows little, tires of her lonely life in a flat on a dull street and runs away into the country. The country is a strange world to her. She is a babe in the wood. And there adventures befall. Not high and heavy affairs, not at all. They are rather simple, such things as might happen to a woman who is not what she pretends to be among people who are rather humdrum, prosaic, commonplace. *Susan* is a delightful woman. Possibly no woman could be so innocent and so nice at the same time. Possibly she couldn't be the person she seems coming whence she comes. But there's always woman's intuition, you know. She doesn't become a woman hobo. She starts out pretending to sell—I've forgot what. And of course her story doesn't hang together and she is misunderstood for much more of a false pretense than she really is. But we need not mind the incidents and episodes too closely. They have sufficient thrill and come in swift enough succession. The thing is the way the country is made a character in the book, and the way the country is made the sort of country that is exactly the country a woman like *Susan Herkimer* would see and fit in with. The landscape is as lovable as she. She has distresses but at their acutest they are Apilian things. The story is incorrigibly idyllic. There is *Coots Mann*—well, we've met him before, though *Susan* hadn't. He's the beloved vagabond who has broken away from the city for a bit of freedom. He knows how to tramp and to talk and to make love with a deferential respectfulness that is—well, in the tradition of such personages. He's a gentleman, and he and *Susan* tramp together and *Susan* shows up in the unconventional setting as a fine-spirited and altogether delightful lady. The romance wins you in spite of yourself. Mr. Dodge's world becomes the most natural world in the world and you tremble time and again for his hero and heroine in their predicaments. For *Susan* is suspect of theft, and the high-colored mistress of a small town hotel falls in love with *Coots Mann* who "strings" her into believing he will elope with her, and then there's a grand flare-up in the place and *Coots* and *Susan* go away together. Alarums and excursions and hot pursuit of a burglar who comes to hide in the hut where *Coots* and *Susan* have paused. And the burglar is *Mr. Herkimer*. And *Susan* helps him to escape and then, though she's come to love *Coots Mann*, a sense of duty holds her loyal to *Herkimer* to whom she must return that she may save him—the more so as she is not married to him. *Coots* protests such fantastic idealism but she is not to be swayed and he yields to her moral grandeur of simplicity and they get away on a freight to the big city and *Coots* leaves her, oh so reverently, near her home where *Herkimer* is waiting for her. Well . . . *Herkimer* is a burglar, the police are after him. He's shot and killed. . . . You know the rest.

Not much of a story? Perhaps not. No story is much of a story, except for the telling. It's the way Louis Dodge tells all this that makes you cuddle into his narration. All his assumptions are accepted. His reality is the true reality. You find no difficulty at all in accepting *Susan* for the paragon she is, in loving her even as *Coots Mann* loves her. The country and the country folk are actual folk, especially *Mrs. Royal*, the florid, always fumbling the buttons down the front of her gown. The country is all pervasive. But it isn't described to a frazzle. It simply unfolds and reveals itself in a succession of little touches, patient touches by the writer. Mr. Dodge's quality is mingled patience and simplicity, with a curious intensity of realization of his characters. He builds up his landscape as he does his characters without too much calling attention to his skill in doing it. His humor is a diffusion throughout the book, in which there is true comedy, but no comic high-lights. And he brings us up quite naturally to the point of his story, that we find what we need of higher things

not by running away from but by staying at home. Possibly Mr. Dodge has his purpose, to make slight mock of woman's search for freedom. If so it doesn't quite come off, for *Susan's* freedom is very soul-freshening and heart-strengthening and the air of the open road blows all the sordidness of her situation away. You cannot but take *Susan Herkimer* to your heart. If she and her kind don't exist, the Louis Dodges have to invent them for our delectation. No one will ever regret that in reading this book he is made so unsophisticated that "A Runaway Woman" runs away with him, heart and head and all, until he can almost see himself as worshipping as the wood-crafty, chivalric and whimsically resourceful *Coots Mann*. There's the test of a writer—creating illusion. Louis Dodge does it supremely.

♦♦♦♦

Songs of the Unknown Lover

(Copyright, 1918, by William Marion Reedy.)

VIII

THE SKELETON

KEEP my closet neat now,
The skeleton well covered.

But when you even walk by the locked door,
The breezes of your look
Stir what hangs inside—
And I wonder what you are hearing
When those knee-bones knock together. . . .

♦

MICE

Now when embers whisper
And mice cry in the wall
And a chair in the dark crosses its legs,
I am thinking of one
Of whom I shall not be thinking some later night
When embers exclaim
And mice laugh in the wall
And the chair in the dark uncrosses its legs.

♦

WOMEN

How can you like it, women—
To be the solemn quips of bright despair?
To be tears of the laughing moment,
Smiles of unsmiling time,
Monuments of mist
On a grass-blade,
Angels
On the tomb?

♦

THE KNIFE

Love embalms the moments,
Art stabs the years.
Love is the careful undertaker.
Art is the beloved assassin. . . .
Let me wear a black glove then—
With a knife in it!

♦

A HALO

I have left you there behind,
You lovers talking poetry,
You poets talking love,
And as I look back at your dark little house
With its yellow windows,
Smoke, going up from your chimney,

Smiles into the night,
Circles into a halo,
Between the noise of two cats
And the quiet of the north star.

♦

SEA-LOVE

Beyond the fluctuating pulse of flesh,
Its agile and interminable change,
I am enamored of the rocks and sun,
Their bodily firm warmth, their passionate calm. . . .
If woman I must have, give me the sea,
Colder and stronger, closer, more suave
Than women, her wave winding on my breast
For the embrace, the shock, the ecstasy.
Her white-veined arm of foam upraised in air
To throw me back upon the beach of sleep. . . .
I am enamored of the grass and sand.

♦

WAVES

I press my cheek upon the cheek of the desirable
dead,
Stretching my legs among theirs,
Filling my hands with their fingers
Of sand. . . .

And the waves come in,
Alive.

(To be continued.)

♦♦♦♦

The Neighbor

By Marjorie Allen Seiffert

"WHAT am I doing with this spade and pick, in the hot sun?" It was a frowsty old woman that spoke. "You're the new minister, ain't you? Well, it's a story that's bound to come to your ears sooner or later, and you might's well hear the right of it. I'm going to move the graveyard wall three feet farther south.

"Did you notice a white house on your left before you started up the graveyard hill? And a little grey house next to it? Well, the white house was John Marks' house, him lying in this grave here, and the grey one is where I live. John Mark's been lying here since twenty years back. He died of a sunstroke the month before we was to be married. I'd a lived in that white house if he'd lived. Petersons rented it then, but they moved out two years ago and it stood empty a spell.

"Then one day last March a stranger moved in. She was a little, sharp-nosed woman. I went to see her the first day she came, and I couldn't make her out. I didn't stay long, and when I got up to go, I dropped my handkerchief. I stooped to pick it up, but she was too quick for me. She snatched it up, blew her nose on it and said: 'Excuse me, but this seems to be my handkerchief!' I was too dumfounded to speak. I went out of that house kind of dazed. Not that I minded so much, though it was one of my best, but the nerve of her! Laugh if you want, but it left me feeling queer!

"That was in March. We had an early spring last year, if you remember, and all the fruit trees was out early. My white crab, right next my neighbor's yard, was as pretty as I ever saw it. White at first, it was, then pinker every day. I used to lay awake at night thinking I could smell the blossoms through the window, and thinking how pretty it looked. Then one morning if I didn't see my neighbor up a ladder, breaking great sprays and branches off—crick—crack—and tossing them onto the ground.

"I called out: 'What you doing up that crab-apple tree?' and she says, peeking down through the leaves, and speaking as smooth as cream: 'I thought

they'd brighten up the house, and what's the use in letting them fade on the tree? Besides, I never was a hand to put up jell.' But she came down the ladder, all the same, and I went indoors too mad to speak.

"We didn't meet again close by. I began to hate the sight of her, and took to using the side door, away from my neighbor's place. By and by it was Decoration Day. I got up a little after daybreak to gather my white lilacs. They are the finest anywheres around here.

"Well, when I got out into the yard every lilac was gone. There wasn't a flower left in the place. I knew well enough who had stolen them! There was nothing to do but gather every bud and leaf I could find, for I couldn't let the day go by without putting something on John Mark's grave, though never before did he have just leaves. When I got half way up the hill I could see somebody kneeling at this very grave. I could tell it way off by the poplars I planted here when he died. I'd come here every Decoration Day for twenty years with my white lilacs, and now somebody was here ahead of me!

"When I got closer I saw it was my neighbor. I went right up to where she was kneeling and said: 'What right have you got here at this grave?' She looked at me and then got up. There was a mean look and a smart look in her eye. She said: 'My cousin on my mother's side, John Mark, lies buried here. I'm his next of kin, and so I come to fix things up for Decoration Day. But I must say I think this lot looks kind of bare. I think I'll plant nasturtiums and petunias here next week.'

"I saw red for a minute, then I felt tears running over my face—they was mad tears, but I couldn't bear to have her see me cry and know she had made me, and I rushed right across the grave, trampling the lilacs all I could, and I slashed right in her face with the branches I was carrying. Her hair streamed down over her eyes, and I could see it was greyer than mine. She turned and ran off, I following her. I chased her down the hill and every time I got close enough I slashed at her with the branches. When she turned into the lane she tripped and fell, but I whipped her up again.

"The leaves were most all whipped off by this time and she ran as if the devil was after her. The sand made heavy running, and I was half choked with the dust she raised, but I kept close at her heels, lashing out, half-blind. At last she reached her gate. I staggered up the walk, but she was too quick for me—she slammed the door in my face and locked it. I sat down on her front steps to get my breath. I wondered what I would of done if she hadn't got inside. I felt satisfied as it was, and went off chuckling. I'd paid her out for once.

"We never met nor spoke again. She died in the fall. It was a comfort to me all winter to look over at John Mark's house and know it was empty. This spring I gardened in peace and watched my crab-tree bloom, knowing nobody would break the blossoms off, and I watched my lilacs come out, and saw they would be in their prime for Decoration Day, as usual.

"I was up early to pick the flowers, and came up to the grave, the first time since last summer. And what do you think! There was not one but two graves in the lot! His grave is right up against the graveyard wall here, so there was only room for one grave beside him, and that was where I'd always planned to lay. At first it gave me a turn, like I was already dead, to see that grave there! Then something made me feel I was still alive. I roused myself to read the name on the board. It was my neighbor's name. She beat me in the end.

"I've talked to the sexton about it, and he says he wunt move her. She really was his next of kin, and it's against the law to dig up bodies. So I am tearing down the wall on the other side, so's to make the lot wider. It is hot weather for digging though, ain't it?"



Warm Winter Coats

A very special **\$59.75**
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Women's Coats made of high-grade Melton Cloth, in the newest models, are being shown at this very interesting price.

Semi-tailored models with large, rich fur collars of natural raccoon and Hudson seal.

The wanted shades of brown, taupe, black and Burgundy are included; the tailoring and quality of materials used make these exceptional values.

Other coats are shown in great variety of materials, trimmings and colors, in every desirable style.

The most popular materials are Bolivia, Plushes, Silvertones, Silver Cord and Wool Velours, in all the newest shades.

Some feature the large fur collars, pockets and belts and others are strictly tailored. Coats for dress wear, coats for sport wear and coats for general wear.

Prices range upwards from **\$65.00**

Women's Coat Shop—Third Floor.

Dress Goods

—checks and plaids are very much in vogue. These stylish materials are specially adapted for making dresses and separate skirts.

The newest fabrics and combinations of colors are being shown.

42-inch material, yard, **\$2.50**

48-inch material, yard, **\$3.50 and \$3.75**

54-inch material, yard, **\$5.00 to \$6.75**

New Fur Fabric

This fabric is being used for trimming; for throws, muffs and coats. It is becoming in its fur-like appearance and color.

Mole, Beaver, Esquimette, Hudson Seal, Kakara Lamb, Lambtex, Poyntex, Drestex and Sealskin fur at prices ranging from, the yard,

\$8.50 to \$16.50

Dress Goods Shop—
Second Floor.

GIFTS

for the Early Christmas Shopper

Allover Beaded Bags with drawstrings or shell frames in all of the bright Oriental colors, from **\$10.00 to \$100.00**

Leather Goods Shop—
First Floor.

Any woman would love a dainty Negligee. One very pretty one is made of crepe de chine with an elastic waist line, full skirt and coat of shadow lace with ribbon bows in back and front **\$16.50**

Negligee Shop—Third Floor.

Shields for Boudoir Lamps, parchment, with decorations of flowers and birds, oval in shape and rich in coloring, **\$5.00**

Flower Bowls of bronze, beautifully decorated with inlaid enamel in dull old colorings, a gift that is extremely handsome and durable; priced from **\$4.50 to \$19.50**

Door Knockers for the boudoir, of shield and basket design, in soft pastel colorings, a very attractive gift at **\$1.25 and \$1.50**

Bric-a-Brac Shop—
Fourth Floor.

Bouillon Cups and Saucers in English and French china in an endless variety of patterns; priced, the dozen, **\$12.00 to \$150.00**

Service Plates from all of the celebrated makers in Europe in all kinds of decorations; prices range from, the dozen, **\$12.00 to \$350.00**

China Shop—Fourth Floor.

Scruggs-Vandervoort-Barney

Olive and Locust, from Ninth to Tenth

Letters From the People

The Thumb Box Product

St. Louis, October 18, 1918.

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

Thumb box or Pochade box:—a small box, easily slipped in your coat pocket, which when opened discloses two panels or more in its lid, size about 5x8; in the box proper, compartment for little tubes of paint, a place for a brush or two and in the bottom of it a hole for your thumb, with enough space around it to spread and mix your paints.

The product of said box is an endless number of very rapid impressions of equally rapid changes of effects in nature;—effects so fleeting that only the most essential things can be jotted down;—a means of keeping your eye eternally tuned to nature's every phase;—of intense value to the painter, designer and decorator;—complete in themselves, be they ever so slight—a large percentage of them containing the elements of a big picture;—a means of educating the public and encouraging sales;—a means of showing the public the many points of view of any one artist and how many things he must paint before he can produce a complete picture.

The present show at the Guild should be called "The Little Picture Show," for

finished gems are very much in evidence. Mildred Carpenter's fantasies are complete and beautiful as to handicraft. Then there are two Wuerpels in a high key, which, when he indulges in it, is, I think, his best key.

Of course the size-limit works towards a very harmonious wall. It is, however, hardly large enough for a really complete small picture, while it is without doubt infinitely too large for a "pochade."

The St. Louis artists should be encouraged to send in their real pochades; their failures and all alike—let the jury decide that. I think it would stir up a whole lot of real criticism which the artist may not like but which he needs very badly.

A number of the things shown were painted expressly for this show. That is a mistake. It acts as a kind of leg-iron on the free play of your imagination in interpreting nature.

That idea was the first idea of the "2x4" exhibition at the Noonan & Kocian galleries many years ago, only more so—same size, same frames, and if I don't make a grievous error, practically all the same price. It was a great success and quite a number of things were sold—and the object was sales—especially to those who thought

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the St. Louis painters charged too much for their pictures.

I think a corking good show—not necessarily any better, perhaps not half as good, perhaps a bit more educational—would result if—let us say at the end of next summer—all the St. Louis painters were to chuck all their small stuff into the Guild, let the jury loose on it, then let the painters frame those selected, stick them up on the wall and then award the prizes. I would like to see the Art League try it just once. It couldn't hurt anyone. I think it would do the artists a lot of good and I am sure it would be of intense interest to the public. The public is like a child—it likes to "see the works." Think of the added interest to a picture shown at the Museum or at the Guild competition, if one or two of the prize-winning pictures or others could be recognized as a development of a thumb box sketch, which the bigger thing often is.

GOMEZ CHIAVANTI.

Prohibition and Profiteering

1159 West Adams St.

Chicago, Oct. 18, 1918.

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

When congress confiscated the property of the liquor dealers of Washington the members defended their position by pleading that love for men, women and children inspired the altruistic purpose which caused them to manifest such extraordinary contempt for the rights of property.

The tremendous war activities have caused rents to advance from five hundred to a thousand per cent in this same city. Families who had occupied houses for years at a rental of \$25 to \$50 a month were told their leases would be renewed at \$100 to \$250 a month, if they wished to stay at the same place. The blessings of "freedom of contract" were theirs. They could renew the contract at the higher price or move. It was an embarrassing alternative. The price was

higher than they could pay—but there was nowhere else to go.

But there must be relief. Were not men of power right on the job? These men had proved their love for the women and children of workingmen. Their aid must be invoked. It was. A bill was introduced which would take from the profiteering landlord the power to rob his helpless tenant. This bill must surely pass because it will be voted for by men who have already proved their love for the poor by their vote on the liquor question. But it has not passed.

What is the reason? Reverence for the rights of property. When this plea was made by the liquor men it was flouted, but now that it is offered by the landlord, the lawmaker must hesitate and pause. He is still hesitating.

The poor of Washington are now trying to ascertain the depth of the sincerity of the love of the man who took liquor from them but will not let his powerful arm interdict the effort of the landlords who wish to take their homes from them.

In the realms of logic is there anything more beautiful than the consistency of the confiscatory prohibitionist?

JOHN W. MASKELL.

[Mr. Maskell encloses a copy of resolutions he offered at the Liquor Dealers' state convention at Kankakee, Illinois, which were adopted without opposition on September 25, 1918. Those resolutions cite the statement of the honorable Claude Kitchin in his analysis of the war revenue bill that "while men of great wealth will be sufficiently taxed, their property will not be penalized or confiscated" and avers that "with this declaration of reverence for the property rights of the multi-millionaire" the liquor dealers "have no quarrel nor criticism to make. . . . The gospel of discontent and contempt for property rights as preached by the industrial worker, the anarchist, and the confiscatory prohibitionists, is the nucleus of a doctrine that is fraught with the greatest danger to our institutions. It will surely lead to the triumph of the assassin and the terrorist, and the torch and the firebrand will be the emblem of power in our land." With no desire to shirk or evade any of the duties and responsibilities that may devolve upon them as patriotic citizens the liquor dealers most solemnly proclaim that if our lawmakers in their wisdom see fit to confiscate a percentage of all privately owned property in this country in order to win the war they will cheerfully and uncomplainingly submit to their decree. But they do contend that a law which would rob them of their investments and leave untouched the vast wealth of the great millionaires, would be a gross and indefensible infringement on their rights as citizens and owners of property. Therefore the Liquor Dealers' convention assembled protested against the passage of any law that would confiscate their property to the exclusion of all other property unless such law provides for full and adequate compensation.

The congress hasn't yet heeded the resolution. Prohibitionists have it scared stiff. The prohibitionists say liquor is evil, and those who deal in it have no rights.

As for stopping rent profiteering in Washington—nothing doing. Nothing,



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THE Fur Rooms are lovely—complete assortments of all the newest furs are here. The fur coats, the sets, the fur sets, the muffs and the separate neckpieces offer wonderful variety—all the newest furs are represented.

Each fur pelt is of a dependable quality and has been judged by expert furriers. When you buy furs—let us show you our assortments. Prices on many of the pieces are special.

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* * *

Fur Fashions were never so charming as they are this season. Graceful long scarfs, capes and sets vie with luxurious coats with huge collars and cuffs, while the clever, original coatee is specially favored by Milady because of its happy blending 'twixt coat and neckpiece.

* * *

Our Fur Sale is most comprehensive. It includes all the above garments in every authentic fashion of the year 1918-19. Every beautiful fur from the world's best markets is represented—bearing the stamp of Fashion's approval. We have seal, mole, mink, skunk, beaver, lynx, nutria, wolf and every member of the fox family. The prices will suit all purses, as they range from

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Rich, glossy furs of exquisite beauty are fashioned into luxurious garments by master designers. Parisian styles in Coats, Capes, Scarfs and Coatees are offered in this sale at.....

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that is, for the relief of American citizen tenants. But Secretary Lansing informs all and sundry that it is an offense against the United States statutes for anyone to bring civil process against the ambassadors sent to Washington to lie abroad for their countries or any attaches of their embassies. Even lawyers may not bring suit against such people. The courts cannot aid landlords to increase the rent on such people. They are out of jurisdiction. The embassy buildings are foreign soil.

The congress dreads confiscating rent, but it permits the confiscation of everything else, to win the war. The mouth-

iest democrats in Senate and House opposed all legislation interfering with the landlords taking all the traffic would bear. Our landlords are beyond the reach even of the necessities of war. Some of them will suffer the loss of big rents through the closing of saloons, but they are at liberty to make up that loss by increasing the rent of other people. The landlords are our privileged class superlatively. Their rights are above all others.

Mr. Maskell is right. Confiscation without compensation is robbery. But the community should confiscate rents because rent is not, justly speaking,

property. It is a private tax upon industry. It is an increment of the value of land created by everybody and unfairly taken by those who have engrossed and forestalled the land needed by the people to live on.—W. M. R.]

✦

A Protest

St. Louis, October 14, 1918.

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

On behalf of the survivors of that army of whom more than three hundred thousand died in the war to preserve the union and make it possible for a nation of one hundred millions to decide the war in favor of democracy I resent your

sneering reference to the Grand Army. You say that the pension roll of 1860-65 became a huge scandal in later years. That is not true. It is true that the pension roll was large, but it took nearly two million men to win the war. Some unworthy men were placed on the roll but they were soon eliminated by the brave men who despised sneaks. Pensions have been given after all our wars from the revolution to the present. The pension roll is a roll of honor, the expression of the nation's gratitude to the men who offered their lives for its preservation, and it ill becomes you to cast aspersions upon them.

W. R. HODGES.

♦♦♦

A Note on John Ireland

By Margaret B. Downing

Estimates of varying values on the character and achievements of John Ireland, Roman Catholic archbishop of St. Paul, Minnesota, are appearing in the press and periodicals and will no doubt continue to appear until the prelate's autobiography, known to be under preparation, shall be printed—and set all controversy in the ecclesiastical world, not at rest but in more violent motion. It is an open secret that the eminent prelate left in concise and orderly form material and to spare, on which to build his life story and that he placed it beyond the reach of harm, weeks before his end and in strong and capable hands. When that official life appears, we shall find answered to the last letter the question, "Why was not this most distinguished American prelate elevated to the cardinalate?" The answer will probably give us to hope that never again shall public sentiment in this country be flouted as in the incident of the American cardinalate. In the universal upheaval even the Roman Curia may be shaken into recognizing the necessity of democratized policies.

It is sound theology that in order to understand and appreciate a saint it is necessary to listen patiently to the "devil's advocate." In the case of Archbishop Ireland, this renowned historic controversial personage has held the floor longer than was his due. From the inner circles of ecclesiasticalism we hear constantly that the metropolitan of Saint Paul was worldly minded, consumed with ambition, had used his clerical power to further ends not altogether consistent with regular procedure, and that specifically his frank campaign to secure the cardinal's hat brought down the wrath of the Roman court. There are dozens of other arguments, all more or less repetitions of these major premises. The component qualifications which make up a saint are difficult and altogether impossible to enumerate at such close range. But that John Ireland was a civic saint, a great patriot, will withstand any amount of attack from all the hordes of satanic lawyers collected in the inferno. And that he was a staunch American first and an ecclesiastical politician second, is the identical reason that he never wore the red hat.

There are several preliminaries to consider before we come to the fatal episode which preceded that of "Dear Maria" by a good four years. One of these was the sermon which the late

archbishop preached in St. Patrick's church in Washington, D. C., in April, 1897, on the occasion of the elevation to the episcopacy of Right Rev. Thomas O'Gorman, bishop of Sioux Falls. This oration was a masterly but unnecessarily bitter attack on the religious orders, the Jesuits in particular, based on a comparison between the importance of the labors of the episcopacy and the missionaries in the early history of Maryland. History, even in the secular sense, does not bear out the truth of Archbishop Ireland's thesis and in recent years Rev. Thomas Hughes has published documents from the archives of the Propaganda and from the Jesuit records, together with state papers obtained from the British government, which disprove every serious charge contained in that powerful arraignment. It is not unlikely that as the passing years cooled the fire of this doughty champion of the secular and episcopal division of the church against monasticism, he regretted that violent outburst. Certainly he had every reason to regret the consequences. He does not stand alone among powerful Catholic churchmen in believing the religious orders inimical to the best development of a free government; but he made the mistake of reading the history of their activities in a different age and country and deducing therefrom a menace to this country and to this age. He learned the folly of this line of reasoning years before his end.

At this same time, between 1896-97, the archbishop of St. Paul was battling gigantically against the German propaganda and had succeeded almost single-handed in destroying Cahensleyism, in causing the dismissal of Mgr. Joseph Schroeder, the Prussian agent for German religious centralization, from the Catholic university and in laying the foundation for a virile American policy in the American hierarchy. He was almost alone in urging on Rome the wisdom of sending a papal delegate to this country and he was absolutely alone in making the term Americanism, as applied to home rule in the western world, respected even in the convention-bound and royalistic college of cardinals. The choice of the first papal delegate was unfortunate—Francis, afterwards Cardinal Satolli, but the archbishop had nothing to do with his selection. And he led him safely through the shoals in the first years of incumbency, to-wit: the settlement of the notorious case of Dr. McGlynn, the single taxer, and Archbishop Corrigan, and the compromise between the public and parochial schools. When the delegate was caught in the toils of the ultramontane wing of the Catholic church the archbishop was the first to break with him definitely and openly. When Cardinal Satolli left this country for Rome to take his place in the Curia, the archbishop of Saint Paul, although in Washington at the time, did not call to say farewell. All the trouble and anguish occasioned by the dismissal of Bishop Keane from the Catholic university had broken over the ecclesiastical world in the national capital and the responsibility of the retiring papal delegate for this case of *spurious versenkt* was universally acknowledged. The time soon came when Cardinal Satolli was in position for reprisals. This was when the Cuban question became, because of

American political intervention against Spain, a factor in American church policy.

The archbishop of St. Paul was accepted in the most complete sense as the foremost and most influential member of the hierarchy and had quite naturally been selected as the representative of the holy see to act in behalf of Spanish interests in warding off the war which was inevitable after the blowing up of the *Maine*. He was summoned to Rome by the then delegate, Cardinal Martinelli, and given the cipher instructions from Rampolla, secretary of state. At the same time Senators Hanna and Elkins, the late Richard C. Kerens of St. Louis and other Republican politicians of equal prestige besought his efforts to prevent war, whether the *Maine* had exploded from within or without. It requires no great stretch of memory to recall that as a pacifist Mark Hanna, chief advisor of McKinley, out-Bryaned Bryan. All through a week in February, 1898, the archbishop fought his losing battle at the office of the secretary of state, with newspaper correspondents, at the Spanish minister's and at the papal delegation. He knew he would lose, but he struggled none the less valiantly and though war would come, he was nevertheless entitled to every consideration from the Roman curia, because he had represented it and its wishes in a direct personal sense and for one of the few times that it has been so represented in the history of this republic. Then came President McKinley's summons of that worthy patriot, General Garcia, the latter's journey to Washington, to present the Cuban side in these negotiations and his sudden seizure with pneumonia and tragic death on the very morning set for the conference. The Cuban junta in Washington seeing in Archbishop Ireland the man who represented the Pope in these *pourparlers* with Spain, the man who stood for the highest concept of patriotism and citizenship, asked the prelate to preach the funeral oration of that most revered and most disinterested of the many heroes connected with the Cuban war of liberation.

It was a cruel dilemma. To refuse meant to stultify his entire philosophy, love of country and its free institutions and his advocacy of the separation of church and state. To accept meant instant offense to the Spanish authorities and to the Roman Pontiff, whom he was serving in a delicate personal way. It was typical of the man that he accepted the invitation of the junta and preached the funeral oration over Garcia, an immortal utterance which deserves to stand among the noblest requiems of literature, an exordium to patriotism unequalled in our times. Within a month Archbishop Ireland was curtly dismissed from further effort in behalf of Spain, and when, a few months later the holy see selected a delegate for Cuba and Porto Rica from the American hierarchy, through the influence of Cardinal Satolli, the late archbishop of New Orleans, Doctor Placidus Chappelle, received the honor. He did not measure to the greatness of the role assigned him and if one is curious about him certain writings of Theodore Roosevelt and Cuba may be found illuminating. Through the same sinister influence,

Satolli's, a prelate of pronounced German sympathy was assigned to the Philippines but Archbishop Ireland had that appointment annulled, also that of a complacent Italian who would have represented Roman interests there and not American.

When Leo XIII was succeeded by Pius X and the able, scholarly and broad-minded Rampolla by the astute and narrow Merry del Val, the question of additional cardinals from the United States became a live issue. The furore caused by the Storer-Roosevelt letters was certainly a set-back to the ambition of his grace of St. Paul but not an unsurmountable one. Open campaigning for the honor is not unknown; indeed, but little pains are taken in Rome to hide such efforts. But Merry del Val, a Spaniard, son of the man who had represented Spain during the humiliating period of the war with this country, threw the whole weight of his power towards defeating the prelate who had preached a sermon over the remains of one whom he termed a "Cuban rebel." He accused Ireland of duplicity and so inflamed the pontiff with resentment, that nothing short of a miracle could have obtained for the archbishop a just hearing. Twice Ireland journeyed to Rome in answer to Merry del Val's accusation and twice he laid his oration on patriotism translated into Italian, before his judges. But he received no hearing, still less the honor he had every reason to believe should have been his. And the American people, irrespective of creed, believed the honor was unjustly denied, as thousands of tributes attest.

But after all, is not the honor of the cardinalate a geographical one, rather than a personal? Who will say that if the late archbishop of New York had not represented a great Catholic population he would have worn the princely scarlet or that if the prelate of Boston had not represented a great Catholic population and in addition labored discreetly in accepted clerical channels, he would have been so surprisingly elevated? Archbishop Ireland was a man and not a geographical situation. Rome in honoring him would have honored its best traditions. Benedict XVI is a progressive as well as an able pontiff but he will learn much when the life of John Ireland is written. The soundness of that American's religious and political philosophy becomes each day more apparent and it is noteworthy that none of his opponents reaches his height in American citizenship. It may be in the future impossible for a prelate like Merry del Val to exact such signal punishment for the recognition of one's duty to one's country as in Ireland's case and it may be highly imprudent to attempt it. It may be found worth while to obtain the views of the mass of nationals on the character and achievements of a man rather than to get that knowledge exclusively through hostile channels of Iberian ecclesiastical diplomacy.

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"Society finds its level in a street-car, doesn't it?" "Well, it shows how many people who think themselves in good standing are merely hangers-on."—*Baltimore American*.

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Shoe Co.
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Nature is prodigal in warnings.

By observing the indications you can easily convince yourself that there is something wrong about your sight.

You should not delay in coming here where my threefold eye service of

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will give you instant relief. Your eyes will be expertly examined, you will be given a special prescription for lenses, and you will be furnished glasses in frames to suit you exactly.

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Oliver Abel

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A Clipping From a Recent Article in

**THE SATURDAY
EVENING POST**

"As I try to check off in my mind the people I know, it strikes me that rule about saving and success is pretty sound. A flabby will doesn't, as a rule, succeed—however you care to define success. And it is mainly just a question of will. There are comparatively few people with sufficient intelligence to be at large who do not admit the desirability of saving. Two times out of three your spendthrift is the first to admit it, very much as your habitual drunkard is the first to admit the desirability of temperance. They know from experience what is lacking is not the wish to save, but the will; and that is a flaw in character that doesn't look promising for getting the practicable maximum of happiness and usefulness out of life.

Building on a Shoestring

"And about half the time when Opportunity knocks at a man's door she asks to look at his savings-bank book before offering to step in. That is a literal fact. In the game of chance called poker the adventurer must ante before he can play. It is a literal fact that Opportunity, having knocked often, has only a cold shoulder for the candidate who can't ante. For opportunity of the material sort usually requires the use of some money or credit. A great deal of credit may be founded on a little money, but there must be some foundation. Great business enterprises may be built on a shoestring; but if a man hasn't got the shoestring they are not for him. A few hundred dollars may make all the difference."

The point of the
story—for you,



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—TO ST. CHARLES

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Marts and Money

There are big doings on the New York stock exchange these days. In anticipation of "unconditional surrender," investors and speculators are feverishly buying oil, metal, motor, electric, railway, and public utility shares at prices which in numerous cases indicate substantial advances when contrasted with the levels of some weeks ago. In some quarters, they feel extremely bullish. There are prophecies of a season of wild inflation all along the line. They are based, in part, on glib talk about a superabundance of money after the termination of the war, and are greedily consumed by mobs of gamblers whose desire to buck the game has been extraordinarily stimulated by prolonged, enforced abstinence. There are no hints, of course, at the enormous requisitions for funds which the next few years must bring in all the leading countries of the world, especially in those ravaged by war or commercially and industrially starved by blockading operations. Nor is reference made to the fact that great conflicts are invariably followed by periods of depression. We all know what happened in 1907, after the ratification of the Portsmouth treaty. Anyhow, Wall street's crowd is obsessed with the notion that nothing can prevent an unprecedented boom in stock values, and that there will be enough money to keep things on the hum for at least a year. Abrupt and startling breaks are complacently viewed. In fact, they are well liked among professionals who make pretensions to superior knowledge in market affairs. When Mexican Petroleum broke thirty points after rising to nearly 200 the other day, the wise guys only smiled and deprecated ejaculations of dismay among the inexperienced. "Don't get scared now," they said; "that's simply a healthy reaction,—nothing more. It will soon be followed by another big bulge. One must be prepared for such sudden breaks in a market like this. There are always some heavy plungers who feel tempted to take profits and to work for good reactions, with a view to taking on new long lines at attractive prices. That's the only way to make money in Wall street at a lively rate. When M. P. had advanced from 95 to 124, and then relapsed to 110, a lot of you fellers set up the cry that it was all over with the bull movement. What happened the following day? The stock climbed to 135, then to 150, and so on until it hit 194. Put in your buying orders right now, and don't pay any attention to fluctuation or to warnings from people who never made \$100 in stock speculation." That's about the way they reason nowadays in brokerage offices, and it's perfectly obvious that the matter-of-fact argument makes deep impression upon minds habitually covetous of easy money. Respecting the precipitous rise in the value of M. P., the oracles have it that foreign parties have been the most extensive purchasers, British and Dutch speculators in especial. There are intimations, also, that certain unknown interests are endeavoring to get control of the property. Since the Pan-American Petroleum & Transport Co. owns \$9,035,000 of the preferred stock and \$17,500,000 of the common stock, the story of buying for

control must be treated with caution, particularly so since almost every inflationistic movement is attended by enticing tales of that sort. The M. P. stockholders get \$8 per annum, but are confidently expectant of \$10 or \$12. The rampagous demand for the stock coincided with a rise of about \$60 in the quotation of Texas Oil. In the face of this, it appears rather strange that the latter company has not been credited with attempts to secure control of M. P. There were repeated reports, some months back, that the Texas Oil Co. had the intention of entering the Tampico region for new, highly ambitious purposes. Well, the truth of the sensational episode will leak out, soon or late. In the meanwhile, one feels like wondering how those fellows may feel who purchased M. P. at prices netting but a trifle over 4 per cent. They could have done just as well, if not better, by increasing their possessions of Liberty 4s and 4½s. At any rate, the marvelous bulge in the prices of these two stocks and an additional advance of \$12 in Royal Dutch have had tonic effects on the entire market. They finally caused a real stir even in the long dormant railroad department, where Atchison common advanced from 89 to 96½; Great Northern, from 90 to 94½; New York Central, from 72 to 79; Northern Pacific, from 88 to 94¾; Southern Pacific, from 95 to 100¾, and Union Pacific, from 131 to 138. Numerous other stocks of this class gained two or three points. Further smart improvement can be noted also in the values of many railroad bonds. Atchison general 4s have in the past three weeks risen from 80 to 86¾, Missouri Pacific general 4s, from 57 to 61¾, and Union Pacific first 4s, from 84 to 87. The adjustment 6s of the St. Louis & San Francisco, which could be obtained at 67 three weeks ago, are now quoted at 72. The shares of steel companies moved irregularly in the last few days, with the drift upward in some cases. It could be noted, though, that unusually heavy selling interfered with efforts to cause material advances. The price of Steel common was raised from 108½ to 114¾, but quickly broke back to 110. Opinion concerning the future valuations of steel issues is decidedly mixed. It indicates that fears of a temporary sharp contraction in business and earnings still exist in some prominent quarters. The *Wall Street Journal* has lately published some interesting, optimistic items with reference to the surplus of the Steel Corporation and the intrinsic value of the \$508,000,000 common stock, but the stock exchange did not seem to feel deeply impressed with it. It is estimated that there is now about \$142 back of every share of common stock, the par value of which is \$100. It is pointed out, also, that the Corporation has bought \$140,000,000 of Liberty bonds. That's all very well, opines the thoughtful speculator, but what will the state of affairs be a year or two from now? There will be a great growth in international competition, and rates of taxation will remain burdensome for a long time. And if prices of steel material should decline, as they probably will sometime hence, will the producers be able to bring about corresponding cuts in wages? It's not very likely. We are confronted with a

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situation for which history furnishes no precise parallel, and so it may be advisable to adopt a waiting attitude pending clarifying developments. Of course, the powers of Wall street, whose interests are multiform and multifarious, may decide, in the near future, to hasten the process of enlightenment among "patrons" by starting a boisterous bulge also in steel stocks. Such an argument would not be convincing. It wouldn't stop the normal sequence of economic affairs. But it would help allay anxiety as to the industrial future, and promote private purposes besides.

Finance in St. Louis

The local market for securities is slowly improving. Prices are hardening, though business still is of modest proportions. The incipient speculative revival has thus far been confined mostly to National Candy common, the price of which is up to 51, a new top level, showing a gain of \$46 when compared with the absolute minimum of two years ago. The stock pays \$2.50 every six months. The first and second preferred, which draw 7 per cent per annum, continue quiescent, but should be worth at least six or seven points more than current bid prices. Ten shares of Certain-teed first preferred were transferred at 80 lately; the common is offering at 28, which indicates a decline of \$22 from the high mark of last January—50. Five shares of Ely-Walker D. G. second preferred brought 78, the previous figure; nothing was done in the common and first preferred shares. Missouri Portland Cement, which draws a yearly dividend of \$6, continues to sell at 68. The net yield at this price is more than 8 3/4 per cent. The maximum in 1917 was 95.

Fifty Fulton Iron Works common were sold at 40, or about ten points under the high record of last January—50 1/4. In the banking group, the only active feature was Bank of Commerce, forty shares of which were marketed at 116. The prices of United Railways issues show no changes of interest. At the banking institutions, business is brisk and strikingly voluminous. Money rates remain firm at 6 to 6 1/2 per cent. With respect to war loan subscriptions, the St. Louis federal reserve district made a distinguished record by going above its quota and thereby ranking all other districts.

Latest Quotations

	Bid.	Asked.
Mechanics-Am. National.....	238 1/2	241
Natl. Bank of Commerce.....	115 1/2	116 1/2
United Railways com.....	2 1/2	...
do pfd.....	12	...
do 4s.....	49	49 1/2
Fulton Iron com.....	39	40
K. C. Home Tel. 5s.....	85 1/2	...
do 5s (\$100).....	...	85 1/2
Certain-teed, 1st pfd.....	80	...
Cities Service com.....	302 1/2	...
do pfd.....	76 1/2	...
Hamilton-Brown.....	125	129
Ind. Brew. 1st pfd.....	4 1/2	5 1/2
National Candy com.....	52 1/2	53
do 2d pfd.....	...	89

Answers to Inquiries

J. H. B., Alton, Ill.—Republic Iron & Steel common is quoted at 86 3/4 at this moment. It sold at 96 some months ago. The dividend being only \$6 per annum, it seems generously valued, though the rate could easily be raised to \$7 or even \$8. That such increase will be made is improbable, and it must therefore be held that a rise to 100 cannot reasonably be looked for, in the absence

of a bull movement of such sweep and riotous enthusiasm as would carry prices to preposterous levels. For this reason, and sundry others, I cannot recommend an additional purchase unless the value should fall to about 75. According to the old saw, it's better to be safe than sorry. While the Republic Co. has developed into a great property in recent years, it should not be forgotten that prior to the war it never was able to pay a common dividend. There were years when even the cumulative 7 per cent preferred dividend could not be disbursed.

STOCKHOLDER, St. Louis.—It's possible, though not probable, that the Maxwell Motors Co. may be sufficiently flush, financially, within two years, to find itself justified in resuming dividends on common stock. The stock is rated at 37 1/4, the highest so far in 1918. If Wall street's bull coach is not upset, the quotation may be lifted to 50. Stocks of this character move nimbly when they do move. At any rate, you should stick to your certificate and keep faith in the ultimate outcome.

F. M. McC., Columbus, O.—Erie common has advanced very little so far. Outside of general principles, there's really nothing to bull it on. In former times, anterior to the war, it recovered rapidly and materially from panic levels. In 1907, it dropped to 12 1/4; in 1909, it rallied to 39 1/2; in 1915, 44 1/2 was paid. Last April it sold down to 14. If you don't mind tying up your funds for an indeterminate period, you might put in a buying order at 16.

F. L. B., Kansas City, Mo.—The Bethlehem Steel Co. should be in position to continue the \$10 dividend on B stock for at least a year after close of hostilities. What may happen after that, not even the wisest man will dare predict at present. It is within the range of probabilities that for prudential, conservative reasons, the board may decide to cut the rate at an earlier date than would now appear likely. The stock sold at 67 the other day, or within less than a point of the lowest on record, 66 1/4, reached last year. If fears of a lower dividend rate were not widely prevalent, the price would not fall below 75. As to the extent equipment and plants may be convertible to production of peace material, and as to the government's share of loss in connection with industrial readjustment—those are questions which cannot be answered with any degree of definiteness in existing circumstances. It is understood, though, that the government has assumed liability for some of the losses the company will have to suffer. Official figures are not available.

QUERY, Detroit, Mich.—(1) The Cuban-American Sugar 7 per cent notes are a commendable purchase. Net about 6.30 per cent at current price of 99 1/2. (2) Hold your Baltimore & Ohio convertible 4 1/2s. They should be quoted at 88 to 90 by and by. The present price is 82. (3) Louisville and Nashville will undoubtedly reascend to 140 in due time, perhaps in less than a year. After termination of federal control, the annual dividend will probably be increased to 8 or 9 per cent.

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When passing behind a street car look out for the car approaching from the opposite direction.

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THE BEVERAGE

Our boys and their officers of both the army and navy are in hearty accord with the official endorsement which permits the sale of Bevo in both branches of the service.

On board ship and in camp, all pronounce it a delightfully refreshing, nutritious beverage.

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Hold the Line for Democracy and Sane Legislation

To the Voters of Missouri:

On the 5th of November, the civilian voters of the State will be called upon to adopt or reject a proposed constitutional amendment providing for the prohibition of the "manufacture, sale and giving away of intoxicating liquors" known as proposed Amendment No. 6.

An analysis of what this question means to the people of Missouri should be carefully considered by every voter before he casts his ballot.

Some Reasons Why Prohibition Should be Defeated

¶ The AMENDMENT IS UNDEMOCRATIC, and, as such, UN-AMERICAN, and constitutes a serious invasion of the Bill of Rights of the citizens of Missouri.

¶ It strikes down the principles of INDIVIDUAL LIBERTY and SELF-DETERMINATION upon which American democracy was founded, and substitutes STATE CONTROL of individual habits for SELF-CONTROL, which develops individual character.

¶ It is insincere as a prohibition measure for the reason that it excepts liquors for "medicinal, mechanical and scientific purposes," which, as shown in other states, OPENS THE DOOR WIDE for the use of liquors to almost any extent.

¶ It is destructive and not constructive in its operation, for the reason that it involves the ruin of several hundred million dollars' worth of property and the business and livelihood of thousands of citizens, and entails the loss of immense revenues to the State and municipalities without providing any compensation for such destruction of property, business and livelihood or ANY PLAN FOR RAISING THE REVENUE THAT WILL BE NEEDED TO REPLACE THE REVENUE DESTROYED.

¶ All European nations except Russia have declared against prohibition, and have regulated the liquor industry in accordance with the report of commissions appointed to study the subject.

¶ The British Liquor Control Board HAVE DECLARED AGAINST PROHIBITION and in favor of liquor regulation.

¶ By wise legislation, Sweden, Norway and Denmark have, in the course of a generation or two, brought about model conditions with respect to the sale and use of beverages containing alcohol.

¶ Proposed prohibition in our country is not founded on the report or investigations of any competent commission, but is an EXTREME PROPAGANDA, the consequences of which cannot be foreseen.

¶ The adoption of the proposed amendment may lead to the ratification by the Legislature of the State of Missouri of the prohibition amendment to the Federal Constitution.

If the voters of the State wish to prevent the imposition of the tyranny of prohibition on the Nation they should, on November 5th next, declare themselves EMPHATICALLY AGAINST PROHIBITION IN MISSOURI.

¶ Prohibition, both State and National, will mean the wholesale adoption of illicit distilling and home brewing, and, as stated by the Internal Revenue Commissioner, will require an army of deputies for its enforcement. The rights and privacy of the home would thereby undoubtedly be totally sacrificed.

¶ LET THE BOYS DECIDE WHEN THEY COME HOME.

¶ Will we make Missouri safe for democracy if we attempt to abridge the liberties or change by law the habits of thousands of our people without giving one hundred thousand Missourians in France (one-seventh of our voters) a voice in the matter?

¶ Is it wise to destroy vast property and business interests in the midst of war and bring about changes in a political, social and financial way, the end of which no one can foretell?

¶ The revenue collected in the State of Missouri from the brewing and dramshop business for State purposes amounts to something over \$1,500,000.00, and for municipal and county purposes, over \$2,000,000.00.

¶ The National revenue derived from beer, wines and spirituous liquors is approximately \$500,000,000.00 per annum, which, under the proposed new Revenue Law, it is estimated will reach more than ONE BILLION DOLLARS per year.

¶ If Prohibition is enacted, new and INCREASINGLY HEAVY TAXES will have to be assessed and borne by every citizen of the State and a much greater INCREASE IN THE INCOME, ESTATE AND OTHER TAXES will have to be paid by each citizen if revenues on alcoholic beverages are no longer available to the National Government.

¶ THE LOCAL OPTION LAWS OF MISSOURI, AS ENFORCED BY OUR HIGHEST COURTS, ARE MORE EFFECTIVE, LOGICAL AND FAIR THAN STATE-WIDE PROHIBITION CAN EVER BE.

Scratch ~~YES~~ On Amendment
Vote NO No. 6

Citizens' Committee, T. H. GLANCY, Chairman